

THE UNSEEN COLORS OF BLINDNESS

A young man whose eyes birth had left without light
Requested his blind friend who sat down nearby
To tell him of all of the colors of sight.
His blind friend returned him a plaintive reply:

“When I had my sight, I did not realize
The blessing of colors for those who can see,
But being deprived of my two precious eyes
The real sense of colors are now clear to me.

“The brown is a roughness of bark on the trees,
All brittle and crusted with strong walnut taste.
The yellow blows forth a soft, warm summer breeze,
To melt down your cares until all are erased.

“The purple emits a deep swirl of low winds
That sink in the heart with a dark, royal thrill.
The torrents of cold, rushing water blue sends
Flow into the mind with a magical chill.

“The orange ignites a warm smile on your face
Of clamorous frolic and laughter untame,
While red is a fiery and burning embrace,
Intensely ablaze with emotion’s fierce flame.

“The green is a fragrance of mint or of flowers
To freshen a forest for springtime to bless.
And all of these feelings and moving powers
The eyes of the seeing both taste and caress.

“Now knowing the darkness that you’ve always known,
I am sure you could not but appreciate
These colors that my thankless eyes use to own,
When gratitude for them was not yet too late.”

— *David L. Hatton, 1966*